IT'S OUR NIGHT TO HOWL! 7 a Burton 7111B ioneer Re-Union OLD TIME OPEN RANGE MEN OF NORTH W

Chas Fa L'eeds L'C left hip R A C. Thomas \$ 6666 Souk 5 HO rell Pen Thousand cattle straying. My flery C The warm chinook's delaying The aspen shakes with cold. ohn & Bowlen Ten Thousand herds are passing, So pass the golden years: Behind us clouds are massing, Riddie Like the last of the old frontiers.

Bar Barclay 1886 H-Brand VI LH Caffle 1XL 4R houses 8 white P9 L. 4. Par Wilde-Deyon (Rattle snake Pete) R

16 Throw 2 RT. Horses & THis spring Back 1890 ad Ine Intosh y Ed ander son Chas EDawson - 27 30 Ranch 98 heel mclay "GRUB PILE" H.S. Maunsel LF 1891"Come an' git it, or we'll throw it out." I fonguent W

EN Moony

B.C. Celery

Injun Olives Prairie Radishes R S

Prairie Radishes R S Old English Oxtail Soup Jaw Martin
I—A 1 B'
Grilled Alberta Chicken

W. Barber. TN Bow Valley, Peas Mashed Early Rose Murphey's 7 - C. ho Alan Sapple Pie with Cheese H WHA Harris B Wilson Rolls

Augus In Grand H. Right hip W. H. Jones . 4 Right hip Wy Luidlaw A Dec/2 Allen 1889 HW Wallis Midnas Midnapare

THE RAILROAD CORRAL

Oh we're up in the morning ere breaking of day, The chuck-wagon's busy, the flapjacks in play; The herd is astir o'er hillside and vale, With the night riders rounding them into the trail.

Oh, come take up your cinches, come shake out your reins; Come wake up your old broncho and break for the plains; Come roust out your steers for the long chaparral, For the outfit is off to the C.P. corral.

The sun circles upward; the steers as they plod
Are pounding to powder the hot prairie sod;
And it seems as the dust makes you dizzy and sick
That we'll never reach noon and the cool, shady creek.

But tie up your kerchief and ply up your nag; Come dry up your grumbles and try not to lag; Come with your steers from the long chaparral, For we're far on the road to the C.P. corral.

The afternoon shadows are starting to lean, When the chuck-wagon sticks in the marshy ravine; The herd scatters farther than vision can look, For you can bet all true punchers will help out the cook.

Come shake out your rawhide and snake it up fair; Come break your old broncho to take in his share; Come from your steers in the long chaparral, For 'tis all in the drive to the railroad corral.

But the longest of days must reach evening at last, The hills all climbed, the creeks all past; The tired herd droops in the yellowing light; Let them loaf if they will, for the railroad's in sight.

So flap up your holster and snap up your belt, And strap up your saddle whose lap you have felt; Goodbye to the steers from the long chaparral, For there's a town that's a trunk by the C.P. corral.

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF ELECTRICAL WORKERS 1200 15TH STREET N.W. WASHINGTON 5, D.C.

NAME H. M. Wilson	CARD NO.	136850
INITIATED ON October 22, 1919	_ IN L.U. NO	348
PAID LAST FOR August, 1954	_ IN L.U. NO	348
Pension and death benef	its date fr	

unay,

FORM S-1

DATE August 18, 1954

Mr. A. E. Fearey
Financial Secretary, Lu. #348
P.O. Box 154
Calgary, Alberta